

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

No. 274—VOLUME XXV [NEW SERIES]

MAY, 1941

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Memorial to Miss Boyd Rochfort

MANY letters from St. Dunstaners confirm a very widespread feeling that the matter of a Memorial to Miss Winifred Boyd Rochfort, the Matron of St. Dunstan's, should be considered. What form such a Memorial should take is a matter upon which there will doubtless be many opinions, but I am quite certain that St. Dunstaners as a whole would feel that we should all subscribe for a Memorial, and that we should do so now.

If St. Dunstaners agree with me, they should send their subscriptions to Mr. W. G. Askew, at St. Dunstan's Offices, Tyttenhanger Park, London Colney, near St. Albans, Herts. As usual in these cases, I suggest a limit of one shilling, so that our subscriptions may be uniform and may be as widely representative as possible.

I would welcome ideas as to what form the Memorial should take, and we will publish some of these briefly in the REVIEW during the next month or two.

I myself make one suggestion, namely, that the Memorial should be associated with St. Dunstan's at Brighton, and that it should not be bought or erected until after the war, partly because it might be damaged, and partly because we are not occupying Brighton at present. I would suggest that the money be lent to the Government, interest free, until after the war.

I would be glad if readers would comment on these suggestions, so that what we do may reflect the views of as many as possible.

Braille Reading and the Paper Shortage

It is up to all of us to save materials and labour to the utmost possible extent to help the war effort. May I suggest one or two little ways in which some of us may be able to do this.

I receive two or three Braille magazines each month. I always pass them on when I have finished with them to a blind friend. This makes them doubly useful without using more paper. I do not suggest that all St. Dunstaners should post their magazines on, as they may not know of a friend who would like them. But in some cases several St. Dunstaners live in the same town or village. They might meet each other and arrange to "swap" Braille magazines. If, for example, there were two St. Dunstaners living near

to each other and each was receiving four magazines, they might arrange to receive two each, and change over in the middle of the month.

If any are receiving magazines in excess of what they can really get through, they should let us know. I want every blinded soldier to have enough Braille to fill in all odd times and provide ample reading matter, but if anyone is getting more than he can use I would be glad if he would write to me and say which magazines he would like us to stop sending him.

IAN FRASER.

News from South Africa

MRS. DENNY and I have just returned from a four weeks' holiday, during which we visited Durban and Capetown, entailing a rail journey of 2,764 miles, which is rather longer than a holiday trip in the old country. At Durban we met Mrs. Holmes, who has been such a friend to St. Dunstaners in South Africa. Mrs. Little, another friend of St. Dunstan's, also came to see us, and Archibald, whom old timers will remember, paid us two visits from his country home at Gillits, which is eighteen miles from Durban. In Capetown we met Mrs. Chadwick-Bates and her staff, Miss Joan Rothband, and Mrs. Lorentz. The last-named lady is also well known to St. Dunstaners in Johannesburg, where she has also done much valuable work in aid of our organisation. We have to thank Mrs. Bates for the reunion she arranged in our honour, and also in honour of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Hough, of Buluwayo, Southern Rhodesia, which took the form of a luncheon at the Alexandra Club, Capetown. Reunions seldom happen in South Africa, owing to the huge distances separating our St. Dunstaners, so this meeting was all the more appreciated. It enabled us to meet Advocate Walter Bowen, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. Sattery, and Mr. and Mrs. van Blerk. Mrs. Southwell-Jones, a member of the Head Committee in South Africa, presided, in the absence of Mrs. Chadwick-Bates, who was indisposed, and there were also present Captain S. H. Burton Moore, Secretary, British Empire Service League, Capetown Branch, and Miss Rothband and Mrs. Lorentz.

We were stunned by the news of the death of our dear Matron, Miss Winifred Boyd Rochfort, O.B.E., which reached us on March 17th, in rather dramatic manner. On that day a mail arrived from England, bringing with it three letters for us. The first one we opened was from our dear

Matron, and was dated February 4th—four days before she died. The second letter opened was from a member of the staff at Church Stretton, announcing her death on February 8th. We, in South Africa, will miss our dear Matron more than words can describe, for throughout her long illness she never forgot to write to us, and I shall never forget her kindness to me and my wife when I was at St. Dunstan's.

Two days ago we had a very pleasant surprise, for who should walk into our flat but Mrs. Chadwick-Bates herself. She was on one of her annual tours round the Union of South Africa and, on the present occasion, we had a most interesting chat. All St. Dunstaners will be pleased to know that she had recovered from her recent indisposition and is now quite well. She has asked me to send her best wishes to all of you.

My youngest son, Terence Aubrey Denny, who joined the Pretoria Highlanders at the beginning of the war, has now been transferred to the South African Air Force.

Mrs. Denny joins me in sending to you, Mr. Editor, to the members of the staff, and to all St. Dunstaners and their families, our kindest regards and best wishes. Keep smiling for we are winning, and "There will always be an England."

EDWARD DENNY.

Marriage

DURRANT—ALLEN. — Mrs. Dorothy Durrant, widow of our St. Dunstaner, S. Durrant, married Mr. Ernest Allen, of Pilford, Dorset, on April 19th.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Benning, of Tiptree, Essex, who celebrated their silver wedding on February 23rd; and to Mr. and Mrs. A. Oldfield, of Sheffield, whose anniversary was on April 22nd.

Church Stretton Notes

THE Debating Club closed for the season on April 1st—it has certainly helped to eloquence many who might otherwise have remained tongue-tied in public for the rest of their lives.

Lady Buckmaster proposed "That Victorian upbringing was superior to that of the modern child." She called to mind the sterling qualities evident on the countenances of Papa, Mamma, and their numerous progeny in the groups in the family photograph album; these, she said, contrasted favourably with the vacant, artificial appearance of the modern child, and its parent. Victorian children had few toys, and its outings and treats were so rare that anticipation was almost as enjoyable as realisation; the modern child has so many that it grows tired of toys and cinemas, theatres, and dances, and has no time to develop imagination. Mrs. Greenland, seconding, spoke of the neglect of religion and the sterner virtues in modern education. In spite of these arguments, the Victorians lost their case by a large majority.

Mock Trial

On Tuesday, April 8th, Tomaso Roggiero, of Longmynd, appeared before Mr. Justice Stephenson, charged with disorderly conduct and forcible entry of the "Pig's Trotters" before opening hours, and under the influence of drink. Miss Rosie Sharpe (*alias* Miss Pain), the barmaid, a sprightly blonde, whose ingenuous appearance touched the hearts of judge and jurors alike, deposed that on the night in question Roggiero had entered the tap room as she was bolting the door; he was carrying a doormat, and excused his entry after hours by stating that he had found it lying outside; when she remonstrated, he replied: "You know what I want," and was most abusive when she refused to serve him. Prisoner appeared in dock loaded with shackles, and seemed absorbed in following the proceedings, but Constable Ivor Thirst (Stanley) and Sergeant Gossip (Humphreys) discovered that he had produced a pack of cards and was playing patience. Miss Harris (Lady Buckmaster) former flame of Roggiero, testified to the moral uplift she had always experienced when in converse with the prisoner. The Rev. Aloysius Icanmopem (J. McDonald), on the other

hand, spoke of the pernicious influence of this bibulous monster, whose sorry end would be plain to all men unless he amended the errors of his ways (cries of "Shame"). There was a buzz of excitement when Mr. A. Twist (S. Duncan), the schoolmaster, rose to defend his erstwhile pupil. Mr. Twist is noted for his ironical humour and mordant wit. Roggiero, he deposed, had been at times a brilliant pupil, at times portentously dull; he shone particularly in the arts of tripe-writing and mis-pronunciation, and had been employed for a short time only as pupil teacher in these important subjects. He had incredible influence over his school-fellows—whether for good or bad there were mixed opinions, but no one could doubt his prowess in the world of sport, holding as he did the record at marbles, the championship at crown and anchor, and the captaincy of the three-legged team. Let him speak for himself!

Evidence was also given by Bert Basher (E. Russell), and a yokel, Archibald Pudden (L. Webber). The usher, W. Wainman, had much difficulty in keeping order in the Court as the prisoner rose to defend himself. Although obviously of Italian extraction, his command of classical English was almost Teutonic, and the steady flow of words of four or five syllables went far to sway his hearers, in fact, but for the eloquence of the prosecuting counsel and the incisive remarks of Mr. Justice Stephenson, Roggiero might have been acquitted.

When sentence was passed and prisoner removed from the dock, both Counsel, Messrs. Bunkum, K.C. (Miller) and Sir Oswald (Gadd) were so overwrought that they were seen drying their tears on the same handkerchief, which they wrung out in the A.R.P. bucket.

N.B.—The bottle of beer, which was so greatly appreciated by all concerned, except the Minister—judge, jury, counsel, witnesses and prisoner—was supplied by Messrs. Hawketts, the well-known brewers.

A few trainees went home for the holiday, but Hallam was the sole representative of our usual joyous Easter crowd.

On Good Friday, Mrs. Greenland organised a Treasure Hunt, starting from the Longmynd Hotel, through the wood, up

hill and down dale, ending at a café in the village, where seekers and guides were duly refreshed, and the winners received their due rewards.

On Easter Monday there was a drive—the majority of the party were dropped at Brimfield, and walked through the Oakley woods to the town; these woods are said to have been a haunt of the Druids and the huge oaks date from their time. At Ludlow they visited the Church, and were much interested in the deep and quaint carvings on the Miserere seats, thence to the Reader's House, with its historic treasures; here weaving is still carried on—and so to tea at the "Royal Oak."

We have had many kind invitations to dances and concerts, and the Army has found room for us at the Ensa concerts at Silvester Hall.

On April 3rd the Raven Club invited us all to a dance at Shrewsbury. Mindful of their hospitality on a previous occasion, everyone was eager to go and our bus was filled to overflowing. However, sufficient lady partners awaited us for everyone to dance and to compete for the prizes given for Spot Dances. Mrs. Lawson was lucky enough to win two. Refreshments were on the same scale as the rest of this first-class entertainment, and we were glad that we had Toft to express our gratitude to our kind hosts.

Another concert by the Central Ordnance Depot was announced for April 29th. The room was packed in anticipation of a performance equal to the one they gave in January. This time they surpassed themselves in a non-stop two-hour programme. Mr. Davenport, in thanking them, ventured to ask "Considering the amount of practice which such a performance must involve, how do you find time for soldiering?"

We must not omit our thanks to Miss Arning, Miss Whittome, and Mrs. Colliver, who gave us a most amusing sketch one Sunday evening, as "Three Widows" of the typical music-hall "char" type. The audience was somewhat sparse, as they had been too diffident of their own powers to advertise beforehand, so we hope to have another performance in the near future.

Congratulations to the following, who have passed tests during April:—

Braille Reading.—Flying Officer E. Kitson, P. McMartin.

Braille Writing.—E. Russell, J. D. Calder, G. Stanley.

New Hospital Service Cases

A. L. Watkins-Grafton, Royal Fusiliers, aged 27 (London); W. H. Cowing, Home Guards, aged 17 (Plumstead); Miss A. A. Cheveralls, 4th Sussex British Red Cross Society, attached C.N.R. (St. Leonards-on-Sea); D. L. Usher, Royal Marines, aged 21 (Cardiff); D. E. Pearson, R.A.F. (Sergeant), aged 19 (Whitton, Middlesex).

W. Carlton has now been discharged from the Army and is a St. Dunstaner.

Comforts Fund

IT will be a pleasure to all those who have so steadily supported the Fund to know that a parcel has been sent to every St. Dunstan's son whose name has been sent in, with the exception of two or three for whom we have been unable to obtain a full address.

Thanks to the generous support given to the Fund, there is sufficient money in hand to begin the second round of parcels. If they have not already done so, will parents please send the present address of all sons who are serving.

The parcel now consists of a 6s. postal order and some kind of knitted garment, and, judging by the letters received, there seems no doubt that under present circumstances the postal order is more welcome than an assortment of foodstuffs and other things, even if we could get them.

Sons and Daughters in the Services

BOON, Sapper J. B. (Woodingdean), Royal Engineers.
BOWRING, H. (Weymouth), F.A.A.T.E.
BOWERS, PHYLLIS (Hounslow), W.A.A.F.
GAY, Private C., East Surreys.
GIBBONS, Signaller W. (Kineton), Royal Artillery.
ISAAC, L.-Ac. Hamilton, Royal Air Force.
JONES, A.-C.1 (Slough), Royal Air Force.
JONES, Private H. J. (Slough).
MAWFORD, Driver, Royal Army Service Corps.
MCALONAN, Private H., Border Regiment.
MCALONAN, Sapper R., Royal Engineers.
MURPHY, Stoker John (Glasgow), Royal Navy.
SHURROCK, Gunner F., Royal Artillery.
YOUNG, Gunner T. F. (Feltham), Royal Artillery.
YOUNG, Gunner W. E. (Feltham), Royal Artillery.
YOUNG, Private S. A. (Feltham), Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Reported Missing

We have heard with deep regret that Mr. and Mrs. "Micky" Burran, whose son, Colin, was reported to be a prisoner of war just a year ago, have now received a letter from the Air Ministry informing them that it has been regretfully decided that he must now be considered as "missing." The Ministry, after extensive inquiries, are forced to the belief that his being reported as a prisoner of war was due to an error on the part of the German authorities.

Young St. Dunstaners

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Owen, of Blaenau Festiniog, was married on April 25th to Sergt. I. P. Hughes, Royal Welch Fusiliers.

★ ★ ★

Lilian Ethel Burnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Burnett, of Edmonton, was married to Gunner Leonard V. Trowse, Royal Artillery, on April 26th.

★ ★ ★

Betty Horsfall, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, T. Horsfall, of York, married Corporal A. Marshall, of the R.A.F., on May 9th.

★ ★ ★

We very much regret to hear that the son of A. G. Bright, of East Barnet, while on duty with the Auxiliary Fire Service, was seriously injured and extensively burnt in a recent "blitz" on London. We wish him a good recovery.

★ ★ ★

The sons of E. Sayers, of Northampton, are both Leading Aircraftmen now.

Promotion

John Law, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Law, of Gotherington, has got his commission and is now 2nd Lieut., Royal Engineers.

Derby Sweepstake Extension of Closing Date

Since the announcement of our Sweepstake, the date of the Derby has been altered by the Stewards. The race will now be run on June 18th or 19th, at Newmarket, instead of on June 6th or 7th, at Newbury, as previously announced.

The closing date of the Sweepstake is therefore extended to **Monday, June 9th**. The draw will take place at Headquarters in Regent's Park on the afternoon of Thursday, June 12th. Those drawing horses will be notified the following day.

Competition Result

The National Savings Competition has been won by G. E. G. Rushton, of Cullercoats. The serial number was 211831; his entry gave 211633. The certificate has accordingly been sent to him.

A Melplash Legend

Melplash Court, St. Dunstan's Home in the beautiful Dorsetshire country, has an interesting history. The Court dates from the sixteenth century, and was once owned by the famous Sir Thomas More, and later by the Paulets.

Its acquisition by the latter family is reputed to have been the sequel to a joke. Sir Thomas, in the reign of Henry VIII, was Sheriff of Dorset. He appears to have been a jovial being who took his responsibilities lightly and one day, after a "generous use of strong waters," conceived the idea of releasing all the prisoners from Dorchester Gaol. So to the gaol he went, and to the dismay of the warders, ordered the gates and doors to be unlocked and the prisoners set free. Shrieval authority in those days was unquestionable—and very soon the spectacle was observed of scores of prisoners running in all directions to create the greatest possible distance between themselves and Dorchester.

Naturally there was a sequel. When the King heard of the exploit, the Sheriff was hauled before him to explain, and Sir Thomas had to seek a pardon from him. This was obtained by the Lord Treasurer of the day (Lord Paulet), who demanded as a suitable recognition of this good deed the marriage of Sir Thomas's daughter to Lord Paulet's second son. Social rank was a desirable asset in those days. The marriage took place, and thus originated the motto of Melplash Court, "Aimez loyaulte."

Mr. William V. C. Ruxton, who has so kindly lent Melplash Court to St. Dunstan's, has, since he bought the house, added a new wing, but has retained much of its historical features.

Sympathy

We offer our deepest sympathy to J. R. F. Ireby, of Colchester, whose four brothers and sisters have lost their lives as a result of enemy action. His mother was badly injured.

Blinded Prisoners of War

St. Dunstan's has asked the Red Cross and Order of St. John War Organisation to conduct an agreed scheme of help to the British blinded prisoners of war now in Germany, through their Invalid Comforts Section, which has special facilities, and it is hoped shortly to get this functioning.

The scheme includes the provision of invalid comforts, gifts of braille watches, special ridged paper to enable the prisoner to write home, and the teaching of braille reading through correspondence with the aid of sighted prisoners of war who will be asked to act as teachers.

It is felt that we can help these men very much indeed, since while they are awaiting repatriation they will be usefully occupied and may begin to learn to be blind in the St. Dunstan's tradition.

An Appreciation

S. C. Tarry, of Wandsworth, who was bombed out in a recent raid, asks us to place on record his deep appreciation of the help St. Dunstan's gave him in his trouble. In a letter to Sir Ian, he writes:—

"Thank you for your very kind and sympathetic letter. As you have, I expect, been told, the damage to property and personal belongings was severe, but fortunately physical injuries were nil. Please also thank Lady Fraser for her kindly thought and good wishes.

"I am also writing to place on record my sincere thanks and appreciation to Mr. Lale and the staff of the Welfare Department for their prompt and sympathetic manner of coming to our help. It is one more proof of the bond of friendship that exists between the staff and the men of St. Dunstan's."

National Egg Laying Test

Report for the sixth period of four weeks
March 10th to April 6th, 1941

Position	Name	Test Score	Value
1	Campbell, John	...	613
2	Holmes, Percy	...	571
3	Fisher, T. M.	...	554
4	Fisher, T. M.	...	531
5	Capper, A. H.	...	490
6	Smith, W. Alan	...	476
7	Hill, R. E.	...	467
8	Carpenter, E. H.	...	443
9	Chaffin, A.	...	441
10	Holmes, Percy	...	423
11	Hammitt, H. A.	...	407
Average per bird,			95.31.

Third Party Risks

THE train was already in motion when I boarded it, so I was left with no choice but to adopt the uncongenial rôle of gooseberry until the next stop.

The Airman was very young. His new tunic was devoid of any sign of rank, and no premonition of coming tribulation clouded his smooth brow. He folded his arms and prepared to endure my unwelcome presence in silence. Not so, however, the spectacular damsel at his side. After one brief, disdainful glance, which dismissed me as a thing of no account, she resumed the thread of their interrupted discourse.

"But won't you get a medal for it?" she inquired.

The youth started slightly and gave her a warning look.

"No," he replied curtly.

"Why not?"

The reason was delivered in a whisper, but I caught the words "jealousy" and "influence."

"I think it's a shame!" cried the maiden indignantly. "Why, I've read of heaps of cases in the papers where men have got medals for only bringing down one or two! Was it nine or nineteen you said you shot down that night?"

For one fleeting instant I caught and held the youth's eye. In it I read stark horror. Beads of perspiration started out on his forehead. Desperately he drew the damsel's attention to some cows in a distant field.

But she was not interested in cows. She repeated her question.

"Nine," gulped the harassed Airman, choosing, I felt, the lesser number in deference to my credulity.

"I suppose," observed the maiden, after a short pause—"I suppose that as you were alone they wouldn't believe you when you got back to the aerodrome?"

The Airman said nothing. He appeared to be learning the warning about putting one's head out of the window off by heart.

"But they *must* have known really," persisted his fair tormentor, straightening a devastating hat with the tips of her fingers, "I mean, you coming back with your fuselage simply riddled by thousands and thousands of bullet holes. . . . What are you pulling faces at me for?"

The unhappy youth leaned back and closed his eyes.

"Are you ill?" asked the lady.

The sufferer opened his eyes. Chivalry, I could see, was beginning to crack under the strain.

"I don't want to talk about it any more," he hissed. "Forget it!"

The damsel regarded him in round-eyed bewilderment. I gathered that she found this sudden access of modesty all the more inexplicable for a previous lack of it.

"But—" she began.

"Have you been dancing much lately?" inquired the Airman will ill-suppressed venom.

The maiden ignored the question.

"Didn't you feel awful," she went on, "when you saw those bombers go down one after another in flames? I mean, you'd killed them, hadn't you?"

The Scourge of the Skies ran a quivering finger round the inside of his collar. More warmth than remorse was reflected on his ingenious countenance. He slammed the window down and the roar of the train's progress filled the compartment. Something like relief momentarily crossed his features.

But only momentarily. His companion had been trained in cafés to compete with orchestras and crashing crockery. Clear and bell-like her voice rose above the din to wonder if he had felt at all afraid during his clash with Goering's Luftwaffe.

I missed his answer; it was lost in the vicious bang of the upflung window.

"Tell me," prattled the unabashed maiden, "how do you find your way about Germany in the dark? I mean, it'll be simply as black as anything, won't it?"

My heart bled for the unhappy youth. Navigation was so obviously a far distant item on his curriculum.

"You wouldn't understand," he muttered hoarsely.

"But if you explained I'm sure I should," she insisted with a melting glance.

The Airman licked dry lips and sought for inspiration on the heat-regulator. It came after a pregnant pause.

"We—we aren't allowed to tell."

A tremulous sigh of relief broke from him as he cleared this difficult fence. His relief, however, was premature.

"But you can tell *me*," cooed the maiden. "I won't breathe a word to a living soul."

Besides, you told me how you rescued those prisoners from Germany with a rope ladder."

I heard the youth's jaw click. His eyes turned glassy. The limit had been reached. Romance was dead—slain by my unfortunate presence.

The train began to pull up. I gave every indication of my intention to retire, but I had no hope that the lady would be able to retrieve the situation. She had driven the iron too deeply into her hero's soul.

As I stepped out I breathed a prayer that consolation in the shape of wings might be granted eventually to that Airman in this world, for I had grave doubts of his winning any in the next.

P.M.L.

—The Iron Duke.

£25 for a Mat

Congratulations to J. J. Morgan, of Wantage, who raffled one of his mats for War Weapons Week. It brought in the splendid sum of £25.

The Old Guard

*Come back, old soldier, to the ranks again;
Stirring the call re-echoes through the land,
Bidding you lay aside the mighty pen,
And peaceful tools that toil beneath the hand.
What though you blithely swore in days of old,
And chanted "No more soldiering for me,"
With groanings deep and fervent oaths that
rolled*

*Hot from the parching tongue's profanity;
Were these so firmly rooted after all,
Or just the outlet of a fierce strain,
A pain-born resolution, bound to fail?
Only convicted truth such vows retain.*

*Do not your work-worn fingers softly itch
The friendly rifle once again to grasp?
And hear the bolt snap home against the breech,
Or test its balance with familiar grasp?*

*And do you thrill to every martial air;
The bugle's summons and the rolling drum;
Stern voiced commands upon the barrack square,
And cheery songs, that help to overcome*

*The weary ache of limbs, numb with the load
Of clogging, close equipment, heavy weighed,
The maddening scunch of boots upon the road,
And sun-dazed eyes, all clamorous for shade.*

*These are the hard inducements that now urge;
These, with the strong companionship of men,
Who choose to wear afresh the mantled serge;
Come back, old soldier, to the ranks again.*

R.J.V.

" In Memory "

PRIVATE FREDERICK CHARLES DAVIS
(*Somersetshire Light Infantry*)

With deep regret we record the death of F. C. Davis, of Street, Somerset.

Davis lost his sight as a result of his service in the Great War, but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1937. His health was not good enough to allow him to come for training, so instruction was given to him in his own home. Here he worked at wool rugs until early this year, but he then became very ill, and his death on March 14th was not unexpected.

The funeral took place quietly a few days later, and among the wreaths was one from Sir Ian and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

We extend our very sincere sympathy to Mrs. Davis and her family in their bereavement.

LANCE CORPORAL FRANK MARSHALL
(*East Yorkshire Regiment*)

We record with deep regret the death of F. Marshall, of Bridlington.

Enlisting in 1914, Marshall came to us just one year later—in November, 1915—after receiving head-wounds in Belgium, which resulted in his loss of sight. Up to the time of his death he suffered as a result of his wounds, but became very seriously ill some weeks ago. He was admitted to the Leeds Ministry of Pensions Hospital, where he died on April 11th, 1941.

He took training in poultry-farming, carpentry, etc., but for many years he was in business which gave him a tremendous amount of interest and work. A comparatively short time ago he decided, for health reasons, to give this up, and of late carried on with joinery.

He leaves a wife and one son, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy. The funeral took place at Leeds. A wreath from Sir Ian and his comrades was sent.

AIR MECHANIC GEORGE FREDERICK TAYLOR
(*Royal Air Force*)

We deeply regret to announce the death of G. F. Taylor, of Epsom.

This St. Dunstaner lost his sight as a result of wounds received whilst serving with the Royal Air Force in Italy. He came to St. Dunstan's shortly afterwards, where he received training as a masseur, but his health was far from good and, after a short time, he had to give this up. He then took up basket work. His health, however, continued to grow worse, and he was eventually admitted to hospital, where he remained until his death on March 10th.

The funeral took place a few days later, and among the wreaths was one from Sir Ian and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

We send our very sincere sympathy to his mother and other relatives.

SERGEANT ROBERT YOUNG
(*Royal Army Ordnance Corps*)

With deep regret we record the death of R. Young, of Glasgow.

Young enlisted in October, 1915, and although he was discharged from the Army in June, 1919, it was not until 1932 that he came under the care of St. Dunstan's. In spite of indifferent health and deafness, he took up light basket-making, at which occupation he carried on with the determined spirit which characterised all he did. Unfortunately, his deafness increased and finally, after a severe illness and much suffering, he died at his home on February 11th.

He leaves a widow and two children, to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathy, knowing how much he will be missed by them.

A wreath was sent from Sir Ian and his comrades.

Mrs. Stowell Taylor

IT is with deep regret that we have heard of the death of Mrs. Stowell Taylor, who was associated with the Dining Room and Linen Room at St. Dunstan's in its early days, and was at one time Matron of the Blackheath Annexe.

Her sister, Miss Gregg, worked at St. Dunstan's at the same time as Quartermaster, and in the Canteen, and St. Dunstaners, with the happiest memories of their old association with us, will grieve at Mrs. Stowell Taylor's passing, and will join with us in sending our sincere sympathy to Miss Gregg.

A Correction

We deeply regret that, owing to an unfortunate mistake on the part of the printer, the impression was given in last month's REVIEW that our St. Dunstaner, H. W. Spinks, of Hemel Hempstead, had died.

Spinks himself is well, but he has suffered the loss of his wife, after a long and painful illness.

We offer our sincere apologies for any inconvenience the error may have caused him, and our deep sympathy with him in his sad loss.